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No. 8.

The Artist of the Cloister.—A Mediæval Study.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the distant hills; the day had been sultry, and large beads of perspiration stood out on the brows of two weary pedestrians who hurried along the dusty path. The younger of the two suddenly brought himself to a stand-still, and, leaning on his pilgrim's staff, thus addressed his companion: "Guido, do you see the white walls that rise from the slope of yonder pretty hill?"

"Brother," was the reply, "let me kneel awhile in prayer; soon we shall be within those blessed walls, and I feel so faint that I shall not have the courage to greet the good brother who will open at our knock. Will you know how to address him?"

"Let us pray," answered the young man. The rays of the rising moon lighted up their bent heads, and the evening breeze stirred—perhaps for the last time—their flowing locks. The shades of night had long since fallen when they shook the dust from their feet at the cloister door.

"What wish you?" inquired the Brother porter.

"To don the habit of Saint Dominic."

"*Deo gratias!*"

* *

Guido was a young painter, single-hearted, mild and timid. In his master's studio and amongst his fellow-pupils, he would remind one of a maiden who, having barely left a convent school, is ushered into a crowded ballroom; or, rather, he was like a lamb that had strayed from its mother's side, and fallen among a strange flock. At nightfall it was his custom to take his young brother's arm, and, while walking through the city, they confided to each other their impressions of the present, and their dreams of the future. Generally they halted at the door of an old chapel where, kneeling, they prayed with all the fervor of youthful hearts.

One night the younger brother said: "Can you imagine what I thought I saw while you were praying? It seemed to me that Saint Dominic, dressed in white, blessed you and imprinted a kiss

on your brow, and at that moment I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards you."

Guido replied: "I do not know that St. Dominic watches over me and draws me to him, but I feel within myself something that I cannot describe. Great gifts have been granted to certain men; you have felt the powerful influence of the words of Giovanni Dominica, the holy prior of Fiesole; you know how they have touched our inmost souls. There is another influence equally powerful, and, with God's help, I will try to wield it. Art, dear brother, is not the servile copying of nature, as we are sometimes told; man must throw his whole soul, must infuse his whole being into it. Like the preacher of sacred truths, I yearn to stir souls to their depths; I yearn to give expression to all that I feel, and that my words cannot hope to reproduce. Oh! were I only a Dominican, and were it granted me to share their peaceful retreat, without distraction and without care, I feel it within me, I know that I should bring forth works at which even the busiest passer-by would be forced to stop and gaze with wonder and delight!"

"And why, dear Guido, why should you not put on the holy habit. I will only too cheerfully follow your example; our life is so lonely here. How happy and undisturbed we should both be in the cloister! How fervently we could both invoke the Virgin Mother whose features even now you are never weary of sketching!"

* *

In the year 1408, in a narrow convent cell at Foligno, at nightfall a slender, pale-faced young monk might have been discovered in silent prayer; his shorn head resting on his hands, and tears falling from his eyes. The door of the cell opens, and Fra Benedetto enters. Seeing the occupant absorbed in devotion, he takes from the folds of his habit paints and brushes, and silently withdraws.

The young monk is none other than Guido, or Fra Giovanni, as he is now called. He has bade adieu to the world; all his prospects of advancement, his very name even, have been given up; and in the eyes of the community he is merely the last pilgrim who has come to don the cowl and robe of

serge. His prayers, occasionally choked with sobs, continue until a late hour. When at length he rises to retire for the night, the brushes and colors meet his view. His eyes glisten, his heart beats hard, his trembling hands are eagerly extended: "Art, loved Art!" he murmurs; and the whole night has passed, and the bell for matins has long since rung, and the sun is high above the horizon when at last he sinks, exhausted, to repose.

Fra Benedetto, disturbed at his long absence from the community, again opens the door of his cell. Oh! how beautiful the Madonna that meets his gaze! How heavenly the looks that beam from her eyes! The prior and all the brethren are summoned, and with speechless delight they too gaze upon the figure of the Blessed Mother radiant with a beauty not of earth.

While this is going on, Fra Giovanni remains absorbed in thought, with bowed head and down-cast look. The venerable prior, suddenly turning his eyes from the glorious figure of the Virgin Mother to the young novice, thus expresses his feelings: "A thousand thanks, angelic brother!"

No doubt, the name of the youthful artist has already suggested itself to the reader. It was the prince of mystical painters, the artist of heavenly joys—it was Fra Angelico.

Raphael is known as the Divine. Raphael's creations are instinct with a grace and beauty which have never been surpassed. They fill us with amazement and awe. Fra Angelico melts us to tears. Before laying his brush to his magnificent works, Raphael saw and admired the creations of Angelico. His soul was stirred to its depths; ideal Beauty rose before his mental gaze; he too felt himself endowed with the creative power, and the world was enriched with those matchless works which generations will contemplate with ever-increasing delight.

The fame of the wonderful young painter soon travelled beyond the convent gates. The name of the Angelic Brother was everywhere on men's lips; to secure one of his paintings was a privilege for which no price was considered too great. "Ask the prior" was the humble novice's reply to all demands; "I will do what he commands." And the strokes of his brush were even less numerous than the fervent aspirations of his heart; or rather, painting was merely the manifestation of the sentiments of his ardent soul; it was merely a form of prayer.

One night, while the moon shone brightly through the window of his narrow cell, it occurred to him that no sight could be grander or more beautiful than a view of the starry heavens. He arose and took his seat on a stone bench beside a deep well in the convent garden. Believing himself alone, he began to sing, in a deep, suppressed voice, full of pious feeling "*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine*," when, to his surprise, the verse was taken up and continued by some one behind him. He looked around, and to his astonishment recognized Father Antony. The tenderest friendship linked

together these two kindred souls, these brothers in Christ crucified.

Antony, now remembered as Saint Antony of Padua, and Giovanni or Fra Angelico, spent many hours of the night in pious converse. The Saint discoursed at length on art, and the artist listened with profound attention and respect. "Brother, the robe of the Virgin Mother should be of dazzling whiteness when you represent her in the glorified state; other colors may be appropriate when she is represented in her earthly pilgrimage. But where, dear Giovanni, tell me, where did you find that heavenly smile which you lately placed on her divine lips?"

"I know not," murmured the Brother.

"But where have you ever seen a smile of such singular sweetness?"

"I cannot say," was the reply. Modesty prevented him from saying more; he feared to be considered specially favored of Heaven, and he wished to be looked upon as the last and least of all. And yet, the Blessed Mother had, indeed, appeared to him; on her lips he had seen the heavenly smile; his memory had retained it, and his brush had reproduced it.

And Antony, the great servant of God, who also had received so many choicest favors, understood Giovanni's pious reserve; he read the thoughts of the young man's candid heart as clearly as he saw objects reflected in the limpid waters of the cistern; and, rising up, he folded him in his arms and wept for joy. And until the break of day they continued to relate to each other their unspeakable joys and to raise to whiter heat the furnace of their pure love.

The genius of Fra Angelico cannot be analyzed. We may admire the beauties of his composition, the grace of his coloring, the exquisite delicacy of his designs, but how can we hope fittingly to speak of the subtle something which belongs to him alone among artists; the heavenly charm which seems to pervade all his works. His marvellous paintings are not simply works of human genius. Genius alone does not give us the secret of productions so sublime. There is not one of them that does not bear the impress of ardent faith, of supernatural grace. One feels like venerating the canvas on which the hand of a saint has rested. The paintings of Fra Angelico deserve to be considered not merely works of genius, but sacred relics.

A heart consumed with divine love, such was the secret of his art. When he had thrown his whole soul into the figure of the Divine Master, or the Virgin Mother, it seemed almost a necessity to him to share with others the ecstatic feelings which glowed within his breast: hence the frequent recurrence of St. Dominic or St. Francis of Assisi, in rapt adoration, in his sacred groups. To animate these figures with the seraphic devotion which filled his own heart was for him a way of returning to earth from the heights of contemplation. When he had painted them, prostrate before the God of Love, he rose content, the work was complete. The secret of

his art is to be sought in his burning aspirations at the foot of the cross, in the fervent sentiments with which the meditation of pious themes never failed to inspire him. When he rose to his task, it was like Lazarus at the voice of Jesus; he seized his brush, his heart throbbing violently; his work was a part of his life; the figure which he sketched already existed within his mind radiant with life and beauty; his fingers fairly flew over the canvas. The work once completed, he gazed upon it with tender love, and never touched it again—saying, with pious simplicity, that it was as God wished it to be. We must in fancy stand beside him in his cell; we must try to read the heart of this angelic monk to understand why his creations are so touching, to form some conception of the heavenly joy with which his work must have filled his whole being. The humble Dominican, his eyes aglow with rapture, labored not for paltry gold or earthly fame: his art was his life, his prayer, his supreme delight.

Such was the angel of Fiesole, the child of lofty genius and still loftier sanctity. Among Christian artists he stands unapproachable and alone. Not until the treasures of grace and genius are again lavishly poured forth on some favored soul may the world of art hope to see one of its princes worthy to stand side by side with the peerless Fra Angelico.

A. M.

The Fellowship of the Immortals.

BY E. P. R.

This is my attic room; the walls and floor
Are bare of all the luxuries of art,
Yet here are treasures which I value more,
And which are always dearer to my heart.
In rare confusion scattered round, on shelves
And chairs, and filling all convenient nooks,
Are the delights of one who fondly delves
For learning in a glorious host of books.
True friends are they, whose dear love never goes!
And, having them, why should I wish for more,
Since thro' their trusty channels always flows
The storied wine which thrilled the gods of yore?
And, drinking deep, in enviable dreams,
I walk with them beside their mystic streams.

—Ave Maria.

Genevieve Lesueur.

IV.

The next afternoon, about four o'clock, a good old lay brother of the Chartreux—called in the monastery Bro. Josserand, and to whom outsiders had given the surname of *Frère Saladier*—was occupied in watering the heads of lettuce in the convent gardens. It was he who prepared those celebrated salads ornamented with flowers which were sought after by all Paris, and which were considered indispensable at all the *fêtes* of those times. Several novices worked under his direction, and the portion of the garden confided to him was

kept with the greatest care. A grove of elms, sheltering a large stone table and a gushing fountain, was his laboratory. It was there he prepared with art the curled chicory, the different kinds of lettuce, the finely cut chervils and pimpernels and the perfumed herbs, which he mingled with nasturtiums, mallows, roses of provins and blue borage. Sometimes these flowers formed coats of arms; sometimes garlands, stars, crests and crowns. On that day the good Brother, having delivered a dozen salads and watered his garden, thought that, as he had nothing more to do until supper time, he would go and watch the artist work. He was already walking towards the cloister when he perceived Lesueur's brother-in-law, Thomas Goussé, entering the grounds by the gate on the rue de l'Enfer. Goussé was accompanied by a young man, well dressed, with long, curling hair and a felt hat shading his eyes, walking slowly, enveloped in his mantle.

"Good afternoon, Brother," said Thomas, approaching him. "Here is my young cousin Armand, who has come to order from you a beautiful salad for six persons. He wishes it to be ornamented with the coat of arms of the corporation of artists and sculptors. He has brought his salad-bowl. Give it, Armand."

The young man bowed without taking off his hat, which greatly surprised the good old Brother; then taking his salad-bowl from beneath his cloak, he handed it to him. The Brother looked at the new comer in astonishment.

"He is a cousin, you say, Monsieur Goussé? Well, people often resemble each other who are less closely related; but I could have wagered that this youth was your younger brother. How old are you, Monsieur Armand?"

"I am twenty-five years old, Brother," he replied, in such a soft voice that the Brother exclaimed, imitating him:

"Twenty-five years! impossible! And where is your moustache, my dear child?"

Armand became crimson; but Thomas came hastily to his assistance: "Brother," said he, "if your garden produced moustaches, my cousin would buy one of you; for the time being it is a salad which he desires. While you are preparing it, I will go and speak to M. Lesueur, and show his paintings to my cousin."

"Be careful that you do not," said the Brother; "our artist does not wish anyone to see them before they are finished, and only yesterday he refused to let me take one of my best customers, the *maitre-d'hôtel* of Monseigneur le duc d'Orleans, to look at them."

"I am sure that Lesueur will receive our young cousin with pleasure," said Thomas; and he hastened away with his companion, thinking he was rid of the inquisitive Brother. But the latter, calling a novice, who was hoeing near, ordered him to prepare the salad, and hurried towards the cloister. Upon arriving there, he perceived that Thomas and Armand had not yet joined Lesueur. They were examining in silence the first paintings of the life of St. Bruno, while at the other extremity of

the cloister Lesueur was giving a few touches to that of St. Bruno refusing the mitre. Dom Hugues de Maillé, General of the Carthusians, and three other monks standing a few steps from him, their hands hidden in their long sleeves, were watching the artist, motionless as statues. Not a sound was heard, save the murmur of a fountain which adorned the basin placed in the centre of the cloister, and the chirping of a little black-cap which was perched on a rose bush. The Brother glided along the arches, and placed himself a short distance from the artist, judging that the new comers would approach him. They came, walking so lightly that the monks did not hear them, and stopped a few steps from Lesueur. Armand, with clasped hands gazed, not at the paintings, but at the painter with an expression of unspeakable admiration. As to the latter, he saw nothing but his work, and heard only that interior voice which inspires the artist and guides him into ideal regions. A quarter of an hour passed thus; then the Brother saw Thomas take Armand's hand and draw him gently away. They walked slowly, stopping for an instant before each picture, and left the cloister as silent and furtive as shadows.

"Those are strange actions," the Brother said to himself. "I must know who that young cousin is;" and he rejoined the two young men.

Armand was weeping: "O my God!" he cried, "how beautiful it is! and to think that I shall never see it again!"

"My friend," said the Brother, "there is a very easy way. Become a Carthusian, and you will see St. Bruno as often as you wish. You seem to me to be made for that."

"Oh! there are insurmountable obstacles to it," said Thomas, who was evidently trying to suppress a merry laugh.

"Really!" said the Brother; "I am sorry to hear it, what can they be? Ah! I have it! I see a wedding ring on your cousin's finger. Poor boy! so young and already married! It is too soon, indeed."

"Let us go, Thomas," said Armand, in a low tone.

"Good bye, Brother," said Thomas, "I have business at home."

"And the salad—have you forgotten it?" asked the Brother. "Wait a moment. It will be ready in a quarter of an hour. And here! I see the Father General coming this way. Do you not wish me to present M. Armand to him?"

"Thanks—much obliged!" exclaimed Thomas, "I will send for the salad. Let it be left with the Brother porter, I pray. *Adieu! Bon soir!* Let us hurry, Armand." And they hastily left the garden.

The good Brother gazed after them, then putting one finger between his eyebrows, with the air of a man who has just had a bright idea, he ran to ask for a few moments' conversation with the Father General.

V.

It was Saturday evening, and Lesueur returned home early.

"I have worked hard this week, my dear wife," he said; "for my reward, do not put our little daughters to bed yet. Let them play a little while

with their uncle and me." And, pushing back the easels, he began to play hide-and-seek with Marthe and Marie, while waiting for supper to be served. When they seated themselves at the table, the beautiful flowered salad amazed the children.

"What a luxury!" cried Lesueur. "Salad as beautiful as that of our wedding feast! Who has given us this?"

"I," said Thomas.

"What a happy thought!" said Lesueur; "but who was this young man you brought to the convent this afternoon? That talkative Frère Saladier told me—I do not know what all—about him while I was working; I did not listen to him, and I remember nothing that he told me, except that the young man in question was not very polite, and that he remained with his head covered as if he were the king."

"He is a young man, one of my best friends," replied Thomas; "his greatest desire was to see your paintings. I could not present him to you on account of the presence of the Father General; nevertheless, he left very happy."

"But who is he?" insisted Lesueur.

"Do you wish to see him?" asked Thomas. And, quickly taking off Genevieve's head-dress, he put her husband's hat on her head. The blushing Genevieve hid her face in her hands.

"What do you mean?" cried Lesueur; "I hope you have not been guilty of such folly?"

"Forgive me, *mon ami*," entreated Genevieve, "I wanted so much to see your work; it is so beautiful!" and she threw herself into his arms.

"You have acted very foolishly!" remarked Lesueur. "I am afraid you will be excommunicated *ipso facto*. It is a very serious matter to violate the cloister. You must confess it, my dear wife, provided that the Father General knows nothing about it. And the Frère Saladier! Ah! surely, he guessed it! That was what he was trying to make me understand. You have done a fine piece of work, indeed. I have lost all appetite for my supper!"

And Lesueur, nervous as artists are, began to walk up and down the room in despair, while Genevieve wept, and the terrified children clung to their uncle's knees. There was a knock at the door. The servant went to open it, and soon returned, holding a letter and a small box. "From the Rev. Father General of the Carthusians," she said.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Lesueur, "what will he say to me?" And with trembling hand he opened the letter. It ran thus:

"LE CHARTREUSE, PARIS, Sept. 6, 1648.

"VERY DEAR SON IN OUR LORD:

"We know that artists are often in need of money. Therefore, in proof of our great satisfaction, we wish to send you something on account, before the completion of your beautiful work; you will find here inclosed a hundred *louis* for you, ten for your pupil, M. Thomas Goussé, and a little souvenir for M. Armand.

"I salute and bless you *in Domino*,

"DOM HUGUES DE MAILLÉ,

"General of the Carthusians."

"Vive St. Bruno!" cried Thomas.

"A hundred *louis*!" asked Genevieve; "that is two thousand four hundred *livres*. It is a fortune! You can go to Rome, *mon ami*!"

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed Lesueur. "Oh! how good God is! And how kind of the Father General to have remembered our dear brother. But who is this M. Armand? I do not know him?"

"I know him," said Genevieve; "let us see what there is for him." She opened the box. Besides the two rolls of gold, one hundred *louis*, the other of ten, there was a little box, sealed and tied with three silk threads. Genevieve opened it; it contained—a gold thimble! Armand had been recognized and forgiven.

That evening the supper was very joyous. Lesueur promised Genevieve, Thomas, Marthe and Marie to take them to Rome. It was one of those rare moments when Paradise seems to have been regained; and Genevieve often spoke of it afterwards, saying: "Do you remember that evening when we were almost in Paradise?"

But the Eden of this world is lost forever. How many human lives pass away without having known one day like that!

PART II.

THE HOTEL LAMBERT.

I.

One beautiful Spring morning in the following year, Eustache Lesueur, his wife and his two little daughters, after having devoutly heard Mass at St. Etienne du Mont, descended the rue de la Montagne Ste. Genevieve, crossed the Place Maubert, and reached the Ile Notre Dame* by the Pont de la Tournelle, then built of wood. They were digging the foundations of the new church of St. Louis, and numerous houses had already arisen amid the hotels and gardens of this new *quartier*. The Hotel Lambert had just been completed, and the traditional bouquet ornamented with ribbons again adorned its roof, crowned with an elegant crest. Upon reaching the door of this beautiful dwelling, Lesueur took leave of his wife. "Go and wait for me at the Martinet Inn," he said to her, "and order the dinner; I will be with you in less than an hour. Pray for the success of my sketches. I shall be so disappointed if the big President does not adopt them."

"Oh! he will find them the most beautiful in the world," replied Genevieve; "I am sure of it. I made a novena to St. Veronica for that. Come, children, let us go and gather some flowers in Martinet meadow."

They walked away, and soon crossed the bridge which joins the Ile Notre Dame to the Ile Louviers, while Lesueur, his portfolio of drawings in his hand, ascended the marble staircase which led to the apartments of the President, Lambert de Thorigny. A lackey, showing the artist into a half furnished antechamber where the upholsterers were still at work, told him that he would go and announce his arrival to the President. He departed, and so did the upholsterers when the dinner hour came,

and Lesueur, left alone, had full leisure to contemplate the beautiful view from the windows. On the opposite side of the street a large kitchen garden extended to the edge of the Seine. A tiny vacant house stood in the centre of it. The red tiled roof and walls, covered with running vines in bloom, gave it an air of gayety; beyond, on the opposite bank, one could see the wine wharfs where worked a busy crowd, the wharf of the Tournelle, the Montagne St. Genevieve, and above the clock of St. Etienne du Mont, and the massive buildings of the abbey founded by King Clovis. Lesueur even imagined he could distinguish the weathercock on the roof of his studio. Beautiful fleecy clouds, blown together by a light east wind, floated over the azure skies. Lesueur drew a sheet of paper from his portfolio and began to sketch this view. The time passed, the clocks struck, and as no one thought of the artist, he would have remained there until evening, had not the upholsterers returned. They were surprised on seeing him still in the same place, and one of them, calling out of the window to a lackey who was passing in the courtyard, said: "Ho! Picard, you have forgotten a gentleman in the antechamber."

"True, by my faith!" replied the lackey, "but the President has just seated himself at table, and he has company. The gentleman must wait until he has finished."

"What time is it?" asked Lesueur.

"A quarter before one, sir," said the obliging upholsterer. "Oh! let me see the design you have made. How pretty it is! If it were colored it would make a fine chimney board. You are going to paint that, are you not?"

But Lesueur, thinking of his wife and children who were waiting for him at the inn, began to be impatient, and begged Picard to announce to the master of the house that Mr. Eustache Lesueur was there, bringing the sketches which had been ordered.

He was at once conducted to the dining room, and the President very politely invited him to partake of the dinner; but Lesueur declined with thanks, saying that some one was waiting for him.

Lambert de Thorigny had guests: the famous Abbé Duhamel, curé of Saint Merry, was dining with him, as well as the President's wife and her cousin, Araminte de Florensac, both of them the most critical prudes, old and ugly, and so painted and bedizened that they resembled walking dolls. Four lackeys standing behind the arm-chairs of the guests, served a most delicious *déjeuner*, such as suited the delicate appetites which were one of the characteristics of the sectarians of Port Royal.

"Ah! Mr. Lesueur," said the President, "have you brought me the eighteen sketches which I asked you for a month ago?"

"Yes, sir," said Lesueur; "but, if you will permit me, before showing them to you I should like to show you the plan I have made for the decoration of your hotel."

"Very well," replied the President. "Monsieur le curé, will you not take some of this 'chartreuse de perdreaux'?"

* Now the Ile Saint Louis.

"With pleasure, Monsieur le Président," said Duhamel; "that kind of 'chartreuse' only contains excellent things."

"Well, M. Lesueur," said the President.

"Excuse me," said Madame de Thorigny to her husband, "I hope you explained my wishes to M. Lesueur."

"On the contrary, Madame," was the reply, "an artist must have full and entire liberty. If Mr. Lesueur's sketches do not please us, we will change them, but first we must see them; do you not agree with me M. le curé?"

"You are right, and so is Madame la Présidente," said the curé, "I will give you my opinion later."

"Some Burgundy," said the President to a lackey. "Begin, M. Lesueur, but first accept a glass of wine of Beanne, a nectar worthy of the gods, I dare affirm! It will clear your voice."

"M. le Président," said Lesueur, "I thought that the *salon* of a man such as you, although intended for worldly receptions, should not be decorated with frivolous subjects, but with historical paintings, and that the study should also contain serious pictures."

"That is also my opinion," said Mme. la Présidente; "and I have made a list of subjects from the lives of Cyrus the Great and of the Princess Mandane—"

"May Heaven preserve me from Cyrus the Great!" cried the President; "romances are not in my line. Moreover, you have your apartments, Madame. What is your idea, M. Lesueur?"

"In the study," the artist said, "I had thought of putting St. Louis, Solomon, Justinian—"

"Heaven forbid!" cried the President. "Justinian annoys me sufficiently at the palace without his pursuing me to my own house."

"For the *salon*," continued Lesueur, "I have prepared sketches of several great subjects adapted to the architectural arrangement—the 'Marriage of Cana,' the 'Feast at the House of Simon,' and—"

The President looked at the curé, who exclaimed: "But it is impious, sir, to put the Christ in a *salon* where there will be music!"

"Monsieur le curé is right," said the President; "these pictures which you suggest are for a church, not for an apartment."

"In the way of marriages, M. Lebrun is going to paint in my *galerie* the marriage of Hercules and Hebe; it will be perfectly suitable. Subjects from the Bible should decorate churches only."

"And even then one must not have too many," said Duhamel; "all these paintings give distractions. They pass when they are on canvas, but on glass they are a veritable pest. They impress upon the memory of the lower classes a lot of ridiculous legends, and they make the churches so dark that intelligent persons cannot read there. I have had, and I will have taken from St. Merry as much as possible of this Gothic and barbarous frippery."

"I see," said Lesueur, "that my sketches will be of no use."

"I will pay you for them, sir, but you must make others," said the President. "I was wrong in not giving you my ideas in the first place; but I thought that a man of your talent would have

guessed them. However, here they are: you will make for me in the *salon* the history of Love, and in the study—give me an idea, Monsieur le curé; it must be something serious."

"I should like Cyrus the Great," said Madame.

"You shall have him in your room, with Feranlas, Polydamas, Aglatidas, and all the rest of them. But these men of the sword shall not enter my study. I wish something suitable to the importance of a magistrate. Help me, M. le curé."

"Put the nine Muses there," said Duhamel.

"Perfect!" cried the President. "You have heard, Mr. Lesueur?"

Lesueur made a profound bow and left. The President ran after him: "Mr. Lesueur, do not be angry, my steward will give you any sum you think proper to indemnify you. I wish you to decorate my hotel, and that as quickly as possible. You must come and live near here; I bought yesterday the large field opposite so that it should not be built upon. You can live there. The house is small, but it is neat, and I will rent it to you for a hundred livres a year, for half as much, if you wish. Does that please you?"

"I will speak of it to my wife," replied Lesueur. "I thank you, sir, *à l'honneur de vous recevoir*."

The President returned to his dinner, and Lesueur departed, carrying the beautiful sketches which no one had thought of looking at.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana dialect poet, is preparing for publication a volume of choice selections from his poems.

—Miss Nettie Carpenter, who took the first prize as a violinist at the Paris Conservatory, is an American girl, only 16 years old, and is coming to this country with the Gerster Opera Company.

—Dom Pedro I composed a song entitled "Hymne de l'Indépendance," and it has just been executed for the first time at Baden-Baden under the direction of his son, Dom Pedro II, the present ruler of Brazil, who is said to be a talented musician.

—The Congressional Library Building, when completed, will be the largest structure in Washington, with the exception of the Capitol, and will cover 111,000 feet of space. It will cover about 21,000 feet more than the new State, War and Navy Buildings, and 14,000 feet more than the British Museum Library, and about 12,000 feet more than the Royal Library of Bavaria, and about 1,000 feet more than the new German Parliament building.

—The sculptor Augusto Passaglia has been charged by the Italian government with the erection of a monument of Rossini for the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, whither the remains of the composer were recently transferred from France. Passaglia executed the monument of Victor Emmanuel at Lucca, and several much admired bas-reliefs for the façade of the dome of Florence.

The pedestal of the statue of Rossini will show in relief symbolical figures from his principal works.

—The tercentenary of the introduction of the modern shorthand was recently celebrated in London by an international Congress of shorthand writers. What is called modern shorthand originated with Timothy Bright, an M. D. of Cambridge, practising in London, and subsequently rector of a parish to which he was presented by Queen Elizabeth. In 1586 he published St. Paul's Epistle to Titus in his system of shorthand, and a year later he published the system itself. In 1589 "Mistress Jane Seager, Virgin," published a volume of ten poems, called "The Prophecies of the Sibyls," in Bright's system. So far as it is known, these are the first books ever published in any system of shorthand. There are now 450 different systems in existence. This year is also the jubilee of the introduction, in 1837, of the system of Isaac Pitman, which first popularized shorthand, and the Congress celebrated that event. The Earl of Rosebery was President of the Congress, and the Lord Mayor had its members to luncheon at the Mansion House.

College Gossip.

—Statistics show a steady diminution in the percentage of fiction called for at the college libraries of the country.

—Gladstone is a firm believer in the good of athletics, and his son, Herbert Gladstone, is the President of a National Physical Recreation Society that has recently been organized in Liverpool.

—Dr. White, late President of Cornell University, has presented his valuable library of forty thousand volumes to that institution, on condition that the trustees erect a fire-proof building for the reception of the same.

—Miss Alice M. Longfellow, a daughter of the poet, has been chosen a member of the Cambridge, (Mass.) School Committee. Miss Longfellow has recently been largely interested in educational matters in that city, and has devoted much of her time towards the establishment and carrying on of industrial and kindergarten schools. She is one of the trustees of the Harvard Annex.

—Recently an undergraduate at Oxford surreptitiously conveyed to his rooms a barrel of beer. His tutor, however, came to hear of the presence there of that contraband article, and asked him for an explanation. His reply was that he did it under medical advice, inasmuch as it was necessary for him to keep up his strength. "And do you find the prescription answer?" asked the tutor. "Oh, yes," replied the undergraduate. "I have only had the barrel three days. When it came I could not lift it, and now I can run all over the room with it."—*Home Journal*.

—During examination at Edinburgh University, Scotland, the students, owing to the scarcity of cloak rooms, in their excitement fling their hats, or used to, anywhere, and often on the examiner's desk. The examiner finally said that if he found

another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day while the examiner was absent temporarily, an undergraduate took the examiner's hat and placed it on the desk. The examiner on re-entering the hall saw the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot over his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he deliberately cut to pieces the hat, amid the prolonged applause of the students.

—The gift of the Von Ranke library to the Syracuse University was made by the Rev. John M. Reid, D. D., of New York, and wife, the condition being that the library building should be completed by November, 1888. The building will cost thirty-five to forty thousand dollars. A gift of fifty thousand dollars has recently been made to the university, the giver's name remaining secret, and the further condition being that he shall receive an annuity during his lifetime from the university, at six per cent. interest on the principal, and that at his death the annuity shall be used each year in the purchase of new books of current literature, the design being to supplement the Von Ranke library with modern works.

CHILDREN'S RHYMES.

A few days ago a lecture on "The Counting-out Rhymes of Children" was delivered before the New York Academy of Sciences by Dr. H. Bolton, formerly of Trinity College. He began his lecture as follows:

Eeny, meney, miney, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go.
Eeny, meney, miney, mo.

One-ery, two-ery, ziccorry zan,
Wickabo, wockabo,
Cricabo, crockabo,
Tillery tan.

He explained to the audience that these rhymes and many others which he had picked up in twenty languages were used by children in their games to determine who should have the most undesirable part. A leader repeated the doggerel rhyme, and the child on whom the last word fell was set free. Those remaining went through the same ordeal until the last one remained, who was "it." This "it," Dr. Bolton said, is a very polite expression in the games of English-speaking children, for in German the one who is "it" is called a "wolf" instead of "it;" in Japanese, "oui," or "little devil;" in Malagasy, "bucca," or "leper," and in Hawaiian, "crazy one."

One of the most common jingles in all languages is the familiar

One, two buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight, etc.

In the well-known doggerel:

Eckery, ackery, ukery an,
One-ery, two ery, etc.,

the "eckery" is Sanskrit for "one." It is probable, Prof. Bolton said, that "ackery" was originally a word also,

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 29, 1887.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FIRST year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—It appears that the little town of Carpinto in Italy is the birth-place of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. It is situated on a high rock, for which reason its inhabitants often suffer through want of water. The Sovereign Pontiff has undertaken to supply his native town with waterworks at his own private expense, the estimate of which is over 600,000 francs. This, when completed, will be a more lasting monument to the goodness of a great man than anything that marble or granite could possibly furnish.

—We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of invitations to the Course of Lectures on Art Literature, recently resumed for the winter season in Chicago, by the well-known writer and artist, Miss Eliza Allen Starr. For a number of years Miss Starr has been giving these lectures, and their annual recurrence has not failed to attract and delight a select and cultured audience. How instructive and entertaining they must be will be readily understood by all to whom this gifted lady is known through the numerous works of her pen or brush.

—A copy of the *C.T.A. News* of Philadelphia has come under our notice. It is a weekly journal published in the interests of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and enters upon its mission with a fulness of life and vigor, as evinced by the excellent editorial management of Mr. J. H. Campbell. Each number will contain able articles and interesting, newsy items relative to the advancement of the cause, together with timely and instructive editorials. We bespeak for the *News* an extensive circulation among Temperance Associations and friends of the "cause" everywhere.

—Last Wednesday evening a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Christianity and Paganism" was delivered before the higher English classes by Prof. J. F. Fearnly. Broad and deep as the subject was, the lecturer handled it with consummate skill, and his composition was a model of comprehensiveness as well as force of thought, elegance of style and beauty of diction. He was listened to by his audience with rapt attention, and their intense silence during the lecture was as expressive of their appreciation as was their applause at its close. It would be impossible to do justice to the lecture by such an imperfect criticism as would have to be given here, but we hope soon to be permitted to reproduce it in the SCHOLASTIC. When we say that the lecture did justice both to its author and its subject, our readers will understand the full measure of its merit.

—Work in the Law Department of the University is progressing very satisfactorily. At present the morning hour is devoted to the important and comprehensive subject of "Contracts," while the second hour of the afternoon is given to "Constitutional Law," which is treated in all its branches and phases. A third class, the exercises of which will consist in "quizzing," or questioning as to what has previously been studied, is to be organized in November and continued thenceforward throughout the year. The Moot-court cases come up regularly for trial Saturday evenings, and Wednesday evenings the meetings of the Law Debating Society take place. The law students are doing excellent work, and it is safe to predict that among the graduates next year will be some who will have no superiors in legal knowledge in any law school in the country.

—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke, D.D., the newly-appointed Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., which took place yesterday (Friday) morning in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, was an event of more than ordinary interest to the inmates of Notre Dame. Our *Alma Mater*, represented by her President, witnessed the solemn elevation of one of her sons to the episcopal dignity—his investiture with the plenitude of the sacerdotal order. During the years '65 and '66, Bishop Burke figured among the lead-

ing students of the University. In the fall of 1866, he went to the Eternal City, and there, at the very fountain source of science and religion, completed and perfected his studies for the sacred ministry. For a number of years he has been the zealous and honored pastor of St. Mary's Church, Joliet, and he enters upon the duties of his new dignity with the best wishes and heartfelt prayers of a multitude of friends. As representative of the student body and to give public expression of the sentiments of all at Notre Dame, we of the SCHOLASTIC respectfully offer to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, '66, our sincere felicitations upon the elevation merited by his learning and zeal, and our sincere wishes that many years of health and strength may be his to extend, in the wider sphere now opened before him, the holy cause of religion to which he has devoted his life. *Ad multos annos!*

Proprietorship.

"If we transport ourselves back to the cradle of nations," says Portalis, "we are at once led to the conviction that with the very beginning of man's creation existed proprietorship. The right of property was first applied only to movable goods; but as men increased in numbers, the necessity of multiplying the means of existence was felt, and thus, with agriculture and the various arts, arose also the different species of wealth and property."

There is no question here of what may be understood as an essential right. An individual, merely as a human being, cannot lay claim to the exclusive ownership of anything; in other words, we cannot say that the right to hold private property is an absolute natural right. But the right to acquire property, and the right to possess and use it to the exclusion of others, are rights that have their foundation in the natural law. As a fact, the natural condition of the human individual is such that he is necessitated to use exterior goods to develop and sustain himself both physically and intellectually. That he has the natural right to this self-development and self-sustenance, no one who recognizes the spiritual and material elements which go to make up the human compound, will deny. He must, then, have also the natural right to acquire and possess those exterior goods which are necessary as a means to that end. And, possessing this right, he cannot be deprived thereof without a violation of justice.

Suppose for a moment that everything in the world were held in common by all men. Even in such a case, a dilemma presents itself which completely destroys any socialistic theory. For either any one individual has or he has not the right to take from these common goods whatever is necessary to satisfy his wants. If he has, then it is conceded that nature suggests and justifies private ownership. If he has not, then nature is inconsistent with itself; for it involves a contradiction to suppose that nature gives to man the right to sustain himself and at the same time denies him the

right to the means whereby this self-sustenance may be secured to him. *Qui habet jus ad finem habet jus ad media.*

Besides, the earth does not produce its fruits as if by magic. Work, and hard work, is necessary to bring something out of the soil, for the Creator said to Adam, the first man and first proprietor: "With labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." If man with or without labor would have the same right to everything existing, perhaps not one in a thousand would be found to do the working part, and the earth would remain unproductive, unfruitful. How disastrous would be the results in the material order need not be described, but with this physical deterioration there would go hand in hand a corresponding intellectual and moral decadence, reducing man to the level of the brute and completely destroying the designs of the Creator in bringing into existence an order of beings but little lower than the purely spiritual.

Let common sense say how foolish an ordinance of nature that would be whereby each and every man possessed an equal right to all things: that the idler had a right to the fruits of the toil and labor of his neighbor! In fact, were this the case, no man would have a right to anything, because the right of the individual must yield to the common right. There is, then, an individual actual right to property. Moreover, man not only has the natural right and the natural duty to supply all his wants by the use of exterior goods, but also he has the right to look forward to the future, consider what may happen, and provide for all possible emergencies. How could a father of a family be satisfied with merely what is sufficient to satisfy his present wants? The thought that nothing is provided for his children in case he would be visited by sickness, or snatched away by the hand of death, would be a continual torment to his mind. Prudence requires that he should make provision for the future. Hence it may be justly concluded that man is authorized by nature to acquire property and to make use of it not only for the present moment, but also to establish a firm and durable property, to possess it as such, and, of course by lawful means, to augment it as much as possible.

Finally, the relations existing between individuals in society are natural. Now, a well organized society cannot endure without the recognition of the right of property; for, if one had acquired something by his industry, another might take it away, and thus the right of the stronger would prevail. Take away then the right of ownership, and you shake the very foundation of society. History shows that only those nations have been marked by material, intellectual and moral advancement wherein the right of property has been recognized and established on a solid basis.

It is true that this right always remains an acquired right; but at the same time it is a natural acquired right, because based on the natural law, and not on any positive law. Now, the natural order is of divine institution; therefore the right of private ownership is also sanctioned by God.

J. B. S.

Books and Periodicals.

—The *Catholic World* for November is calculated to attract the attention of the general reading public by its leading article, "Leo XIII and the Catholic University," by Bishop Keane, of Richmond, the rector of this new centre of learning. "A Case of Nationalization" is a striking view of an Irish question showing how a healthy system can flourish on bad food. "The Metropolitan Museum of Art" embodies a view of the uses of the cast-off habiliments of the nations very flattering to the archæologist; we have seldom read a more instructive article. Do you love the poor tramp, male or female? Read Mr. Louis Binsse's article on "Night-Shelter in Paris," and you will be consoled. The fiction of this number is the serial story "John Van Alstyne's Factory" and "Three Hundred Dollars and a Cow"—both excellent. Father Hackner's "The Disturbance of the Social Equilibrium" is a contribution to the study of the social problems now under discussion. It is an old-style, sledge-hammer article on the evil results of despotism; it is eloquent and true.

—In *St. Nicholas* for November, Louisa M. Alcott contributes one of her charming stories, entitled "Pansies." It is followed by a bewildering array of short stories, entertaining sketches, and bright jingles and verses. "How Marie Obtained Miss Alcott's Authograph" tells how an ingenious boy secured the coveted signature for his sister without the assistance of the popular authoress; "Time and Tommy" is the description, by Delia W. Lyman, of the remarkable adventures of a boy who suddenly finds that the world has been turned backward and is revolving from east to west; "Little Matti of Finland" is a delightful tale of a little-known land, with many clever silhouette illustrations by Helen M. Hinds; Colonel R. M. Johnston contributes an account of an exciting encounter between "Buck and Old Billy"; and Almont Barne's "A Spanish Tale" is an old-time fairy-story that will be new to the readers of *St. Nicholas*. Of a more instructive turn, but no less interesting, are: "A Peasant Painter—Jules Bastien-Lepage," by Ripley Hitchcock, who gives the life story of the talented young French artist, with many beautiful examples of his art; "Elephants at Work," by John R. Coryell; the true story of Pocahontas, by E. S. Brooks, who writes of her in his "Historic Girls" series as "Ma-ta-oka of Pow-ha-tan: The Girl of the Virginia Forests"; and "The Last Chance of Life," by David Ker, a characteristic episode in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for November opens with the fifth paper of the Hon. David A. Wells's series on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," in which the author shows that increased facilities for production and transportation have been the chief factors of depression, and not the scarcity of gold; and that, in fact, gold has never been so abundant in proportion to the

need for it as now. "In Agassiz and Evolution," Professor Joseph Le Conte gives to Professor Agassiz the credit of having laid the basis on which the doctrine of evolution has been built, although he himself erected no structure of the kind upon it. Professor John S. Newberry writes, from his own observations, concerning the "Food and Fiber Plants of the North American Indians." Continuing his admirable illustrated papers on "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," Mr. Garrett P. Serviss describes "The Stars of Autumn," among which are some of the most interesting objects in the heavens to be seen at the season most favorable for observing. The history, uses, and fashions of "The Wedding-Ring" are described in a very pleasant article by D. R. McAnally. Lovers of the oyster will find much to interest and instruct them in Professor Atwater's article on "The Chemistry of 'Oyster-Fattening.'" Professor Morse's address before the American Association on "What American Zoölogists have done for Evolution" is continued. Mr. F. A. Fernald gives a review of Geikie's treatise "On the Teaching of Geography." Mr. H. Brooke Davies makes a strong plea for the institution of "A Kitchen College," where house-keeping arts shall be adequately taught and the knowledge of them made desirable. A portrait and biographical sketch are given of Professor Chester S. Lyman, of Yale College.

Personal.

—Frank J. Ashton (Com'l), '87, is in business at Rockford, Ill.

—John D. Willson, '86, is one of the leading attorneys of Mason City, Iowa.

—Rev. President Walsh, went to Chicago on Thursday evening to assist at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Maurice Burke, D. D., a former student of Notre Dame.

—C. V. Gallagher (Com'l), '70, is the popular and efficient Postmaster of Omaha, Neb. He entertains the most kindly recollections of his college days, and continues to take a lively interest in the career of *Alma Mater*.

—Prof. Edwards, of Notre Dame University, has sent three gold badges to Philadelphia, to be contested for by the members of St. Paul's and St. Charles' Pioneer Corps and St. Michael's Junior Pioneer Corps.—*I. C. B. Union*.

—Among those who called at Notre Dame last week were the noted Corporal Tanner, of New York; Col. Wm. Edgar Rogers, of Washington, and Jasper E. Lewis, Esq., of South Bend. All these gentlemen are prominently identified with the Grand Army of the Republic. They expressed themselves as greatly pleased with Notre Dame and its surroundings.

—The Right Rev. Maurice F. Burke, D. D., Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., whose consecration took place in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, on the 28th inst., was a student

of Notre Dame in 1866, and not, as stated in press reports, of St. Mary's of the Lake—which ceased to exist years before. From Notre Dame he went to Rome to continue and perfect his studies for the sacred ministry.

—Father Walsh, Vice-President of C. T. A. U. of A., said he was told a vice-president had nothing to do but to say nothing, look pretty and dress well; but we note that he is acting as if that were not the reason of his election. On the 2d of October he spoke at South Bend, Ind., to the Total Abstiners and to those who were not. Many took the pledge, and 21 of the number joined the society. Father Hagerty, the pastor, had given the people two weeks' notice of Father Walsh's coming, and so had their minds well disposed to receive his words.—*I. C. B. Union.*

—Among the visitors during the week were: Rev. H. H. Gillett, Cincinnati, Ohio; C. H. Lafler, Niles, Mich.; Miss M. Mill, R. S. Jones, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fink, Woodland, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Fink, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Geo. Russell, Massillon, Ohio; Mrs. R. Lewis, Van Wert, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baum, Onaburg, Ohio; Misses M. and R. Byler, Bremer, Ind.; Mrs. P. J. and Mrs. C. Gaul, Raymond, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. F. Huber, Toledo, Ohio; Miss A. S. Smith, T. R. Golden, Mrs. Jas. O'Neill, New York city; Mrs. A. and Miss T. Ake, Walkerton, Ind.; Miss D. Davis, Erie, Penn.; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Black, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. H. M. Young, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Caren, Mrs. M. Powers, Columbus, Ohio; C. Burger, Lancaster, Penn.; Dr. T. N. Snow, Baker City, Oregon; Mrs. Major Jno. E. Blaine, Misses M. L. and T. E. Blaine, Helena, Montana; A. Fahnestock, Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. Jno. G. Mohn, Mrs. Wm. Harlster, A. Krug, Reading, Penn.; Mrs. D. Thornton, Mrs. P. Smith, Mrs. R. Stephens, Mr. W. L. and Miss M. Davis, Mr. P. J. and Miss M. Towle, Mrs. W. H. Koester, Miss B. Florer, Mrs. A. W. Longley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. R. A. Kemp, Brazil, Ind.; W. R. Russell, Deadwood, Dakota.

Local Items.

- Little warmer.
- Football *pro maloney!*
- Look out for that raffle!
- Ducks on the lower lake.
- Navigation has closed—almost.
- "Take a header, down you go."
- Tuesday is the Feast of All Saints.
- What kind of bulletin will you get?
- Whistling is not compatible with "polish."
- The weather has taken a change for the better.
- "Jim" thought he was practising a gymnastic trick.
- "Mac" is satisfied. The snow did not last long.
- "When will the Band and we three meet again?"

—The *Evangeline* has been the winning boat in all the races this fall.

—The pleasure boat on St. Joseph's Lake has been re-christened the "Volunteer."

—The Boat Club has placed the Adler Bros' watch on exhibition in the students' office.

—Col. Hoynes has appointed Mr. Philip Paschel Sergeant Major of the Hoynes' Light Guards.

—The Boat Club fund increases day by day, and the new boat house looms up in the near future.

—Every seat in the Logic class is occupied. "Standing room only" ought to decorate the door.

—A new *porte-cochère*, of beautiful and artistic design, now adorns the entrance to the *salle des habits*.

—The regular monthly conference of the clergy of the community was held at the Presbytery on Thursday.

—The lecture bureau has been reorganized, and is now actively engaged in arranging for the coming season.

—Blue is not such a bad color, after all. It is not the color, but the wearers of the jersey who propel the boat.

—"Times change and we change with them," said the Senior, as he donned his overcoat in submission to hygienic laws.

—The reading-room is now opened during the evening "rec," and is becoming a formidable opponent of the "gym" as an after-supper resort.

—The attractions at the upper end of the lake Thursday caught the attention of the oarsmen, and sadly interfered with the rapidity of their turn.

—Mrs. Clement Studebaker sent a choice collection of plants for St. Edward's Park. They are carefully deposited in the green house until next spring.

—The inmates of St. Aloysius' Seminary desire to return thanks to many kind friends for the beautiful paintings which now adorn the walls of their happy retreat.

—We were going to say something about the pious propensities of the Juniors and Seniors; but the thought of the dreadful consequences—anyhow the consumption of pie is something remarkable.

—The watch presented by Adler Bros. to the Boat Club to be disposed of for the benefit of that organization, is a handsome stem winder, solid gold hunting case, Elgin movement, full jewelled, valued at \$100.

—The second of the 3d nine Junior championship games was played on their grounds, Thursday afternoon. The "Blues" lost the game on account of Figge's many errors at critical points. Score: 6 to 10 in favor of the "Reds."

—Master Adair Greene, of the Palmer House, Chicago, who entered the Minim department on the 26th, makes the 114th prince; but it is the 150th that will secure the grand Parisian dinner promised by Very Rev. Father General.

—Rev. President Walsh commenced the visita-

tion of the classes in St. Edward's Hall on Tuesday. He seems highly pleased with the earnestness and good will with which the students of the various departments have entered upon their work.

—The sound of martial steps once more re-echoes through the lower corridor of the main building mingled with cries of "hep!" "steady there, Ambrose!" "fours right!" "halt!" etc., showing that the awkward squads are after the military polish.

—There was an interesting game of football on the Senior campus last Thursday afternoon. The struggle for victory lasted one hour and a quarter, and was finally won by the "Blues." The game was productive of the usual amount of rent garments.

—The following names for the "List of Excellence" for Elocution were received too late for insertion in their proper place: C. Stubbs, R. Newton, T. O'Regan, M. Mulkern, E. Berry, W. McPhee, C. Pollack, J. Backrack, J. Nester, W. Luhn, C. Paschel, T. Gray.

—The second and third regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society were held on the 9th and 16th insts. Masters Mulqueen, J. Schenks, C. Mooney, P. O'Hearn, C. McCormick, A. Sullivan and H. Figge were elected members. Recitations were given by T. A. Wilbanks, A. Schloss, J. Casey and M. Quinlan.

—Mr. Geo. W. De Haven, writes from Ann Arbor, Mich., as follows: "The records (made at Notre Dame on St. Edward's Day) are splendid; some almost equalling the *best* records the University of Michigan ever made." This is a great deal for a student of another institution to say, and is praise well merited by our athletes.

—The students of the higher English Classes are anxious to hear the subject of Prof. Fearnly's next lecture. They have never looked forward with more interest to any literary entertainment hitherto afforded them, and they know that the pleasure which they anticipate will be more than realized in listening to their eloquent and masterly lecturer.

—Some enterprising Greek student, who has dived down deep, mentally speaking, into the days of yore, solemnly assures us that next Tuesday and Wednesday are the anniversaries of the births of Plato and Euripides respectively, and therefore the members of the Greek Classes are looking forward to a great deal of "rec" with the most pleasant anticipations.

—The following officers have been appointed for Company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards: Joseph E. Cusack, Captain; Charles J. Stubbs, First Lieutenant; James V. O'Donnell, Second Lieutenant; George A. Houck, Orderly Sergeant; Philip V.D. Brownson, P. P. Prudhomme, William B. Aiken and George Cartier, Duty Sergeants. Four Corporals will be appointed in the near future.

—The lecture committee has been appointed, and arrangements will at once be made to provide a list of suitable entertainments for the winter. The plan of securing outside talent to appear before the

students worked well last year, under the able management of Mr. B. T. Becker, and an effort will be made this season to improve upon the course of last season. The committee is composed of Messrs. Neill and Craig.

—During his recent trip through Norway, Rev. M. P. Fallize, C. S. C., collected many objects of great scientific value. The Curator of the Museum takes occasion here to express his thanks for a number of interesting objects presented to the Museum of Natural History. Among other things we may mention a very fine collection of plants belonging to the *Flora* of Norway; some specimens from Spitzbergen and from the vicinity of Hammerfest; some sponges, and other marine objects from the northern shores of Norway. The reverend donor may rest assured that his gifts are highly appreciated.

—The Director of the Historical Department is indebted to Mr. P. J. Towle, of Chicago, for the following contributions: Spanish silver quarter, 1776; Austrian silver dollar, 1788; Mexican silver quarter, 1863; American cent, 1783; Japanese silver dollar, 1886; Arabian silver coin about a thousand years old; Roman coin, time of Augustus; four silver coins and twelve copper coins from various countries; stone war club from Arizona; broom made of Irish heath; souvenirs from the silver mines of Arizona. Mr. J. M. Harrigan, of Oshkosh, Wis., presented an American silver half-dollar, 1831, and Master J. Henry an English coin. From Mr. V. Carroll, of Chicago, has been received an American gold quarter.

—Among the first of our exchanges to arrive for this number is the SCHOLASTIC. "How to Become a Good Student" is certainly an article of good advice. It is utterly impossible to become a good student without first "acquiring the habit of study." Every student should bear this in mind, and know, too, that "success in any degree," is out of his reach, if his heart is not at work. . . . The *Sentinel* takes the liberty of pointing out a few sentences of especial value in the article named, in order to show its concurrence with the SCHOLASTIC in such matters, and to put before the students of our own college more forcibly the necessity of studying well, and systematically, if they wish to achieve success.—*St. Mary's (Ky.) Sentinel*.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held its third regular meeting on Saturday evening, the 22d inst. After the election of members and other business had been transacted, a debate was held on the question: "Resolved that the miser does a greater injury to society than the spendthrift." The affirmative was sustained by Messrs. Hull, Jewett and Meagher; the negative by Messrs. O'Regan, Prudhomme and Fisher. The arguments *pro et con* were exhaustive and well-put; in fact, too well-put by both sides to allow of an agreement for verdict, and the question will be re-argued by the same members at the meeting to be held Nov. 5. After listening to an interesting and instructive address from the President, Rev. Father Morrissey, the meeting adjourned.

—At a special meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held in St. Edward's Hall on Tuesday, the 25th inst., the election of officers took place with the following result: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, and Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., Hon. Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C.S.C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Bro. Cajetan, C.S.C., Gen. Critic; V. Kehoe, 1st Vice-President; Wallace Williamson, 2d Vice-President; R. Clendenin, Recording Secretary; C. Boettcher, Corresponding Secretary; L. Black, Treasurer; E. Savage, Marshall; Frank Dunn, 1st Monitor; E. Conners, 2d Monitor; F. Rogers, Librarian; J. Ayer, 2d Librarian; Albert Backrack, 3d Monitor; Fred. Toolen, 4th Monitor; Daniel Quill, J. O'Mara, Adolph Mayer, Censors; J. Seerey, Sergeant-at-Arms; James Walsh, Standard Bearer; T. Tomkins, Property Manager; Benjamin Bates, *Chargé d'Affaires*.

—The attention of our elocutionists and debaters is called to the fact that Prof. Lyons' "American Elocutionist" contains what may well be called a "model debate." It is the reproduction of an intellectual contest which was held in connection with the eighth annual Commencement exercises of the University in the year 1852. The subject is "The Character of Napoleon," and the debaters were Messrs. Charles Williams, of Detroit, and John Bracken, of Chicago. The efforts of the young debaters were so enthusiastically received by the cultured audience that Father Sorin directed Mr. Gardner Jones, LL. D., then Professor of English Literature in the University, to retain the manuscripts of the young debaters, and revise them with a view to publication. The papers subsequently fell into the hands of Prof. Lyons, who arranged and incorporated them among the famous selections of the "Elocutionist," and they have added not a little to the value and interest of the publication.

—FOOTBALL.—A letter received by Brother Paul from Mr. Geo. W. De Haven, a former student of Notre Dame, now attending the State University at Ann Arbor, Mich., states that the Michigan University football team will start out from Ann Arbor in the latter part of November to play a series of football games with clubs from the leading cities and colleges of the Northwest. As they pass through South Bend, Mr. De Haven is endeavoring to make arrangements by which the Michigan boys may stop off and play a match game with a team selected from the Senior department of Notre Dame. So if matters can be properly adjusted, a match game of football will take place on the Senior campus about the 27th of next month. The game, if played, will be under the Rugby rules with eleven men in each team. The Rugby rules are so different from those used at Notre Dame that it is not expected that the boys here will have much chance of victory against the visitors, owing to their lack of familiarity with the above mentioned rules. In addition to this, the Ann Arbor boys hold the championship of the West, and are such fine players that they will prob-

ably contend with the leading Eastern teams next Spring for the college championship of the United States. However, there is good material here for a fine team, and the boys will undoubtedly give the Michigan players a hard "tussle."

—BOAT RACE.—It was eleven o'clock Thursday morning when the oarsmen, attired in their red and blue jerseys, appeared upon the borders of St. Joseph's Lake to row the final race of the year. Their appearance was the signal for loud and prolonged applause from the large and enthusiastic audience gathered in and around the boat house. The crews were composed as follows: *Minnehaha Reds*—G. Houck, Stroke; F. Albright, No. 5; G. Henderson, No. 4; L. Meagher, No. 3; C. Stubbs, No. 2; P. Brownson, Bow and Captain; J. V. O'Donnell, Coxswain. *Evangeline Blues*—F. Fehr, Stroke; G. Ball, No. 5; G. Cartier, No. 4; S. Campbell, No. 3; W. Gordon, No. 2; H. Luhn, Bow and Captain; C. P. Neill, Coxswain.

At 11.15 the boats were upon the lake, and each coxswain grasped a buoy, while he exhorted his men to pull for dear life and victory. Rev. Father Regan, President and Referee of the Association, stood upon the quarter-deck of the *Volunteer* and gave the conventional "go!" And the crews went, with the "Blues" in the lead. The "Reds," however, came to the front and held their own until near the upper end of the lake, when the "Blues" "lifted her in" for a turn and struck their buoy a length and a half in advance. Both crews pulled hard on the turn, but, owing to misfortunes to each, the turns were laborious and slow. The "Blues" came out first, with the "Reds" a few strokes behind. Then the "Blues" showed their superiority on the "pick out," and obtained a lead which the "Reds" could not overcome, though by spurting hard they managed to cross the line about ten feet behind their opponents. Time, 3.25.

Thus ended what will probably be the last race of the season, as everyone in the club has had a chance to be in a winning crew. The oarsmen stepped out of the boats, and the spectators went their various ways regretting they were to see no more aquatic performances in the shape of boat races this fall. Some of the "Reds" wondered why they lost, and it was conceded, with the exception of Mr. Maloney and a few others, that they would have won, had it not been for the other crew.

—Accessions to Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Curiously carved, antique crosier used by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget, Father of the Church west of the Alleghanies, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey. Imperial portrait, lately taken, of the present Bishop of Louisville, presented by Father Fitzgerald. Twenty-four bound vols. of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, from the library of Father Allerding; manuscript of a sermon on "The Cursed Fig-tree," preached by the late Archbishop Bayley when a Protestant clergyman; portrait of Archbishop Carroll's mother; photograph of the crucifix held by the first Archbishop of Baltimore when dying, presented by "E." Interesting account

of a Confirmation in 1828, by Archbishop Whitfield, in his own handwriting; original manuscript of sermon preached by Archbishop Maréchal; several early pamphlets relating to the diocese of Philadelphia; "The History of my own Times," by the Rev. Daniel Barber, A. M., Washington, D. C., 1828; pastoral letter of Ambrose, Archbishop of Baltimore, to the Catholic congregation of Norfolk, Virginia, 1819; pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Baltimore, to the Roman Catholics of his diocese on the consecration of the Cathedral, Baltimore, 1821; brief of his Holiness Pope Pius VII, addressed to Ambrose, Archbishop of Baltimore, to his suffragan Bishops, to the Administrators of the Temporalities of the churches, and to all the faithful in the United States of America, to which is added a correspondence between William Hogan and W. V. Harrold, 1822, presented by a friend. Autograph letter of Bishop Demers, of Vancouver Island; autograph of Rt. Rev. Dom Robot, late Prefect-Apostolic of Indian Territory; six letters written by American prelates, presented by Dr. John Gilmarv Shea. Portrait of the present Archbishop of New York, from Dr. McDonnell. Proof sheet and first impression of the *Dakota Catholic American*, the first Catholic paper published in Dakota, presented by the editor, Rev. R. W. Haire. Thirteen letters written by the Father of the American Hierarchy, between the years 1788 and 1800; twenty-one letters written by Rt. Rev. Bishop Cheverus, between the years 1799 and 1805, presented by Mr. M. Connor. Sketch of the life of Dr. James McSherry, *Aide-de-camp* and Private Secretary to General Washington, *Aide-de-camp* of Marquis de Lafayette, and Secretary of War from 1796-1800, by F. J. Brown; "The Lords Baltimore," by J. G. Morris, D. D.; rules and orders of the Baltimore Benevolent Society, Baltimore, 1796, received from H. Morris.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Ball, Barnard, Blessington, J. Burns, Bush, Britt, Brewer, Baca, Boldrick, Boland, Co-tello, E. Clark, Chacon, Cusack, Craig, Cartier, Chute, Cullin, E. Coady, M. de la Chaux, Donaghue, Dore, Dulaney, Ewing, Francka, Fitzharris, Fenton, Fisher, Fehr, Franklin, Fink, Goebel, Gallardo, Giesler, Garity, Gibbs, Henderson, Higgins, Heinemann, M. Howard, Houck, Hart, Jennings, Keating, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lappin, A. Longmire, L. Longmire, Langan, W. McDermott, Meehan, Metzger, J. McDermott, Mackey, Major, Munroe, W. Morrison, Maloney, McCart, Mack, McAuliffe, McGrath, Melady, McCune, Nations, Andrew N. choll, Alfred Nicholl, K. Newton Norton, Nelson, Neill, R. Newton, O'Hara, O'Regan, O'Shea, Pears, Plato, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Prichard, Preston, Roper, Rochford, Rothert, Russell, Rueb-amen, Stubbs, Sullivan, Schang, Short, Stephenson, Suing, Sawkins, C. Spencer, H. Smith, Tudor, Thatcher, Tivnen, Velasco, F. Webb, Wall, Woods, Welch, Wagoner, White, Ziegenfelder, Donelson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Anfender, Allen, Berry, Bronson, Bombeck, Boyd, Backrack, Beaudry, Blake, Burger, Brannick, Boldrick, Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Carelton, Case, Connelly, Ciaroschi, D. Cartier, Casey, Chute, J. Doherty, J. S. Doherty, Delaney, Daniels, Davis, Devine, Darragh, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Falvey,

W. French, F. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Galbreth, J. Greene, Gonzales, Girsch, Girten, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, Henderson, Hoerr, Hagen, Howard, R. Healy, Heiler, Huber, Hillas, Hake, C. Inderrieden, Jewett, Kinsella, Kutsche, Kellner, Kahn, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Moncada, McCartney, W. Martin, McGuire, James McIntosh, W. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, McKenzie, Miner, Mooney, McNulty, Neef, Noud, O'Neill, O'Hearn, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Donnell, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, Paquette, Powers, Pritchard, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Pfau, Patterson, Quinlan, Riordan, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsey, Reidinger, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Stephens, R. Spalding, Shenk, Senn, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Silver, Simpson, C. Spalding, Talbot, Thome, Wile, Wageman, Welch, Wright, Wilbanks, T. Greene, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, Ackerman, H. Backrack, A. Backrack, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Boettcher, Bates, Burns, Bradley, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Connors, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, Crane, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Davidson, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Ferkel, C. Grant, Goldmann, Griffin, Greene, Hines, Hagus, Haulan, Healy, Halthusen, Jennings, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Klander, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, A. Mayer, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Quill, Rogers, Ricks, Scker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stephens, Stone, Speir, Tomkins, J. Toolen, F. Toolen, Taft, Trujillo, Thornton, W. Williamson, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, Wilson, Young, Zieman.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—J. Burns, P. Brownson; *Logic*—J. Rochford, T. Goebel; *Latin*—P. Brownson, J. Burns, E. Ewing, T. Goebel, C. Neill, T. Griffin, S. Boldrick; *Engineering Course of Drawing*—M. Mulkern; *Civil Engineering*—G. Houck; *Descriptive Geometry*—G. Houck; *Calculus*—V. Morrison; *Trigonometry*—M. Reynolds, J. O'Hara, H. Jewett, H. Luhn, R. Nations, L. Preston; *Algebra*—W. Larkin, J. McGurk; *Criticism*—P. Brownson; *English Literature*—T. Griffin; *Rhetoric*—S. Boldrick; *English Composition*—S. Hummer, E. Berry, A. Adelsperger; *Ancient History*—C. Burger, J. Mackey; *Modern History*—H. Luhn; *Metallurgy*—R. Newton; *Physiology*—R. Newton, A. Adelsperger; *Botany*—G. Craig; *Greek*—P. Burke, J. Burns, G. Craig, T. Goebel.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Christian Doctrine—A. Larkin, T. Goebel, H. Heineman, S. Fleming, J. Fitzgerald, J. Greene, W. Lahey, C. Mooney, E. McCartney, J. O'Donnell, L. Riordan, F. Schillo, R. Nations, D. Tewksbury, C. Cavanagh, W. O'Brien, J. Reinhart, J. Burke, C. Pears, F. Chute, L. Scherrer, J. Wright, E. McIvers, W. O'Neill, C. Priestly, J. Bray, L. Kehoe, H. Mallay, E. Hillas, W. Merkle, C. Schillo, L. Thome, J. Talbot, W. Welch, F. Carney, F. Schenk; *German*—F. Suing, G. Cooke, J. Bombeck, F. Grossman, F. Neef, P. Paschel, S. Boldrick, J. McMahon, F. Wile, R. Graham, J. Kelly, T. Wilbanks; *French*—W. Johnson, J. Cusack; *Telegraphy*—R. Velasco, R. Quigley; *Type-Writing*—H. Hull, J. Clark; *Piano*—J. Gallardo, J. McDermott, W. O'Brien, F. Wile, C. Senn, J. Keating, L. Chute, R. Velasco, J. Reinhart, M. O'Kane, L. Preston, J. McWilliams, V. McGuire, E. Howard; *Violin*—J. Pfau, R. Spalding, J. Koester, H. Miner; *Drawing*—W. Morrison, F. Fehr, A. Fitzharris; *Phonography*—S. Hummer, M. Cassidy, E. Blessington, F. Wile, D. Brewer; *Oil Painting*—P. Wood.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A Rhetoric competition in the Third Senior Class was held recently. Miss E. Nicholas excelled.

—The Misses Burton, M. Kennedy, Hoffman and Early were among the Seniors who received 100 in lessons this week.

—The useful is always preferred to the ornamental; hence the anxious looks towards the turkeys as they approach the Seniors' grounds.

—The sermon on Sunday, Oct. 23, was preached by Rev. Father Saulnier. His subject was the feast of the day, that of our Holy Redeemer.

—Although some of the type-writers have taken lessons only since September, they proudly exhibit letters neatly written on the Remington.

—The new recreation room, under Mr. Trainor's hands, will be made just as pleasant as St. Edward's reading-room, for it is to be papered and painted.

—On Thursday evening Father Zahm gave a pleasing entertainment to the young ladies by exhibiting views of Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.

—Scott, Poe, and Ryan were the poets under discussion at the different literary societies. Irving is the writer selected for the next meeting of St. Angela's Society.

—Miss Sylvia Brewer is the first one to complete any fancy-work. She has made a beautiful toilet set—sea-foam green satin on which are worked daisies in filo silk.

—After the usual literary exercises at the last meeting of St. Catherine's Society, the Misses Flannery, Hinz, Beck and Allen favored the assembly with some instrumental music.

—Alice and Phœbe Cary's Poems is the book offered for competition by the Third Seniors. The one who improves most in letter-writing is the one who will get the prize in December.

—Epistolary correspondence should be a great pleasure, for the weekly letter-writing is a good drill, or exercise, and will lead to great improvement in this useful branch of education.

—Many fail to understand the use of competitions. They are reviews in the most attractive form, and should be considered of advantage. Their interest depends on the captains and other officers.

—The covered way, now under construction, is to extend from the convent to Loreto; it is to be plastered, slated and heated, so that in winter it will be as comfortable as an inside corridor. It is to be called "Via Loreto."

—At the meeting of St. Catherine's Society, the Misses Quill, Horner and K. Desmond gave selections from Father Ryan's poems; Miss Flannery also read. Miss Barry, the President of the society, is most painstaking.

—The compositions by the First Seniors, as well as those in lower classes are taken from their regular exercise books; no attempt is made to change

them. To their credit be it said, great efforts are being made to improve in composition writing.

—It was very amusing, on Tuesday last, to see the young ladies repair to the clothes-room, to put away their summer hats. There were as many styles as there were girls, and the graceful auctioneer, Miss Carmien, added to the merriment occasioned as each one claimed property.

—The pupils of the First Senior Class have each memorized a portion of Goldsmith's "Traveller," so that the whole poem is rendered by their consecutive recitals. The Misses M. and C. Desmond and Van Horn may justly be mentioned for having recited their respective portions with pleasing effect.

—Many of the young ladies show their good taste by selecting useful, solid books for general reading. The library is well equipped and can furnish real entertainment to the scholar. The opportunity to follow a regular course of reading is not always to be had, and those who are interested in their own advancement should profit by the time now given to improve.

—At the Academic meeting of Sunday evening, the Misses Bub and L. Meehan gave evidence of their elocutionary training. It is a great advantage to have the privilege of reciting in the study-hall, as it aids greatly in the acquirement of grace and self-possession. Happily, all appreciate this. All present were well pleased, and, as usual, interesting remarks were made by Rev. Father Zahm.

—The First Seniors are preparing to hold a public debate. The question under consideration is the following: "Is the expectation of reward a greater incentive to exertion than the fear of punishment?" Miss E. Balch leads the affirmative side, and Miss Kathleen Gavan the negative. The Third Seniors are trying to decide whether or not school days are the happiest of one's life. Very Rev. Father Corby will have to give the decision.

—The Minims are, as usual, the privileged ones; for all the way across the ocean comes a letter to the "Princesses" from no less a personage than Very Rev. Father General. In his communication, he gives full directions regarding the "Parisian dinner," which is to take place when he returns, and when there are two hundred young ladies at St. Mary's. Everyone is delighted to know that Very Rev. Father is in good health, and fervent are the prayers for his speedy return; but the Juniors and Seniors will be very much disappointed if the next important document is not addressed to them.

—Among the late visitors to St. Mary's are: Mr. and Mrs. C. Morse, Grinnell, Iowa; Mrs. J. J. Murphy and daughter, Woodstock, Ill.; Dr. Sneezy, Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Simons, Warsaw, Ind.; M. E. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Flannery, J. A. Curran, Mrs. A. R. Beck, Mrs. Dr. Kron, Mrs. P. Smith, Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Mrs. W. H. Kinsela, Mrs. R. Stephens, P. J. Towle, E. Daube, Chicago; Mrs. Dr. Rowsey, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Wm. Sear, Bourbon, Ind.; Mrs. J. F. Studebaker, Mr. G. H. Riddell, Mrs. E. T. Ivins, Miss E. Barth, South Bend; C. F. Young, Paw Paw,

Mich.; R. Spier, Albany, N. Y.; S. Rose, La Grange, Ind.; Mrs. J. David and Miss Grant, New York city.

Day Dreams.

The opinion of the majority is, that only the young and imaginative indulge in the construction of those airy fabrics termed "castles in the air"; but there are few who may not with Adelaide Proctor say:

"I built myself a castle,
So noble, grand and fair,
I built myself a castle—
A castle in the air."

Yes, day dreams come to all, and beautiful, indeed, are the castles we form in those moments when, like clouds, fairy visions float before our eyes. Power and glory, all that man holds dear, do we possess while living in the dream castles that, alas! crumble when life's realities appear.

Let us follow the dreamers. Observe the school-boy: his eyes are looking into the future where he beholds himself free from the restraint of school-life; he is beginning life, and success is awaiting him. The school-girl, too, has her dreams of a happy future; all that a young girl's heart could wish must be hers. The merchant—yes, the busy merchant—sits down after a hard day's work and reads in the fire before him that only a few more years of labor, and the enthralling chains of business life will be taken from him, and ease and plenty will be his ever after. But of all dreams, the mother's are the most beautiful. Picture her as she plans her little one's career. She sees him grown to manhood when he will more than ever be her comfort, her solace and her pride. The priest of God, too, gazes far into the future when, as the reward of his devoted labors, he will see numberless souls worshipping the God for whom he is now so zealous. Ah! yes, all have hours when beautiful dreams come to beguile the weariness and heart-ache of life's trials. Dream on—if duty be not neglected—O youth and merchant, mother and priest; but breathe a prayer that strength may be yours, for you may have to exclaim sorrowfully with the poet as you behold your air castle:

"And now you see it shattered,
My castle in the air;
It lies a dreary ruin,
And desolate and bare."

Alas! scarcely ever are day dreams realized. Ask the schoolboy, ask the merchant, if their golden dreams of the future have become realities; they will answer you sadly that they were but dreams. No need to ask the mother if her hopes have proven realities; the tears on her pale cheek speak more than words of the lifelong sorrow, the fading of her hopes has caused her. Like the foam upon the wave, day dreams beautify, and like the foam they vanish. Let us not, then, waste life's precious moments in useless dreaming, for

"God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

Cheerfully should we perform the duties a kind Father has assigned us, and when the reality of heaven is ours, will we see how glorious is the reward of those who are workers, not dreamers.

GRACE STADTLER (*1st Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND EXACT OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Arpin, Brady, Balch, Burton, Barry, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng, Bourn, Bray, D. Butler, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, E. Coll, Clifford, Claggett, Carey, Conners, Clore, M. Coll, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Duncan, Daube, English, Early, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Gavan, Guise, Geer, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, Hellmann, Hyland, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Hefron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hepburn, Johnson, Kearns, Kennedy, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Latta, Leonard, La Berge, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, E. McCarthy, B. Morse, McCormick, McEwen, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, McFadden, G. Murphy, Mitchell, Neff, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Orr, Piper, Prudhomme, Papin, Quill, Quealey, G. Regan, Rend, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Rannells, Reen, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, M. Smith, Sheehan, Saviers, Schmauss, B. Smith, Sloman, Studebaker, Spier, Thompson, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Wright, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch, E. Blaine, Butler, M. Burns, Emma Burns, Crane, Churchill, N. Davis, E. Dempsey, Dolan, Dryer, Farwell, Foster, Fritz, Hake, Hull, Hughes, Knauer, Kloth, Lewis, Longmire, Loomie, M. Lauth, Mercer, Miller, McCune, B. McCormick, M. Morse, N. Morse, Newman, G. Papin, Pugsley, Quealey, Reed, Rhinehart, Rose, Rogers, Simons, Stapleton, Wyatt.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, A. O'Mara, A. Papin, L. Reeves, S. Smith.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. F. Murphy, Hummer, Brady, Hughes, Sullivan, Regan, Trask, Keyes, Carmien, Kearns, Snowhook.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Balch, Bub, Coll, Dempsey, Gavan, Hertzog, Hyland, Moran, McCarthy, Meehan, Rend, Riedinger, Van Horn, Neff, Morse, Ducey, Stadler, Smith, Gordon.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Barry, Bates, Campeau, Dempsey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Flannery, Hinz, Harlen, Hutchinson, Henke, M. Horner, McCormick, McNamara, McEwen, Marsh, E. Regan, Sloman, Sheehan, Thompson, Burton, Latta, Kron, Arpin, Orr, Davis, Wright, Meehan.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Allen, Balch, Barth, Blacklock, Claggett, English, Fravel, Hefron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hoffmann, Leonard, Moore, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Quill, Richardson, Van Mourick, Wehr, Fitzpatrick, Bloom, Beck, Nicholas, Duncan, Morse.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Beschameng, Geer, Johnson, Kennedy, Piper, Robinson, Wiesenbach, Young, Nicholas, Daube, Mitchell.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Butler, Bray, Bourne, Brewer, Conners, Carey, Kohler, Rowsey, Rannells, Quealey, Zahm, Studebaker.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Clore, Andree, Early, La Berge, Reen.